

THE
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 24.

FEBRUARY 1852.

No. 6.

Miscellaneous.

The Valley of the Amazon.

BY LIEUT. M. F. MAURY.

From a very able article in the November number of the S. L. Messenger, we extract the following fine description of this valley:

Of more than twice the size of the Mississippi valley, the valley of the Amazon is entirely inter-tropical. An everlasting summer reigns there. Up to the very base of the Andes, the river itself is navigable for vessels of the largest class. The Pennsylvania 74 may go there.

A natural canal through Caciquiari connects it with the Orinoco. Giving fertility and drainage to immense plains that cover two millions square miles, it receives from the North and South innumerable tributaries, which is said, afford an inland navigation up and down of not less than 70 or 80 thousand miles in extent. Stretched out in a continuous line, the navigable streams of that great water-shed would more than completely encircle the earth around at its largest girth.

All the climates of India are there. Indeed we may say that from the mouth to the sources of the Amazon, piled up one above the other, and spread out, Andean like, over steppe

after steppe in beautiful unbroken succession, are all the climates and all the soils, with the capacities of production that are to be found between the regions of everlasting summer and eternal snow.

The valley of the Amazon is the place of production for India-rubber—an article of commerce which has no parallel as to the increase of demand for it, save and except in the history of our own great staple since the invention of the cotton-gin. We all recollect when the only uses to which India-rubber was applied, were to rub out pencil-marks and make trap-balls for boys. But it is made into shoes and hats, caps and cloaks, foot-balls and purses, ribbons and cushions, boats, beds, tents and bags; into pontoons for pushing armies across rivers, and into camels for lifting ships over shoals. It is also applied to a variety of other uses and purposes, the mere enumeration of which would make us tedious. New applications of it are continually being made. Boundless forests of the Saringa tree are found upon the banks of this stream, and the exportation of this gum from the mouth of that river, is daily becoming a business of more and more value, extent and importance.

VOL. XXIV.—No. vi.

In 1846—7, pontoons were made for the British army in India, and tents for the American army in Mexico were made in New England from the India-rubber of the Amazon. It is the best in the world.

The sugar-cane is found there in its most luxuriant growth, and of the richest sacharine development. It requires to be planted but once in twenty years.

There too are produced of excellent quality, and in great profusion, coffee and tobacco, rice and indigo, cocoa and cotton, with drugs of virtues the most rare, dyes of hues the most brilliant, and spices of aroma the most exquisite.

Soils of the richest loam and the finest alluviums are there. The climates of India—of the Moluccas and the Spice Islands are all there. And there too, lying dormant, are the boundless agricultural and mineral capacities of the East and West all clustered together. If commerce were but once to spread its wings over that valley, the shadow of it would be like the touch of the magician's wand:—those immense resources would spring right up into life and activity.

In the fine imagery of their language, the Indians call the Amazon the "King of Rivers." It empties into the Ocean under the Line.

Now Look: Nature has scooped out the land in Central America, and cut the continent nearly in two there that she might plant between the mouth of the "King of Rivers" and of the "Father of Waters," an arm of the sea capable of receiving the surplus produce which the two grandest river basins on the face of the earth are some day to pour out into the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. These two sheets of water form the great commercial lap of the South. This sea and gulf receive the drainage of all the rivers of note in both continents, except the La Plata on the South, the Columbia on the West, the St. Lawrence and those of the Atlantic seaboard on the East.

Excluding the inhospitable regions of Patagonia on the South, and Labrador on the North, and referring only

to the agricultural latitudes, the two Americas cover an area of land in round numbers of about ten millions of square miles. To not less than six of this ten, this sea and gulf are the natural outlet. Of this six, about two-thirds are inter-tropical, producing a variety of articles to which the other parts of the continent never can offer competition. Nature has so ordered it.

With scarce the exception of a "ten miles square" the whole of this immense Caribbean water-shed, which is nearly double the area of Europe, is composed of fine, rich, arable land. The rainless coast of Peru, the sandy plains of lower California, the great salt desert of the North, and the Sahara-like desert of Atacama at the South; all lie without it: they fall within the other four of the ten millions. They are unarable; and therefore as they are unfit for cultivation, they should be, with this classification, arranged with the inhospitable regions of Patagonia and Labrador. So classing these barren places, we discover the startling fact, that these two rivers are the true natural outlet, and the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico are the natural receptacle, for the surplus produce of nearly three-fourths of the whole extent of arable land in the two Americas.—Moreover these two marine basins of the South are also the natural outlet of the North and South, for the productions of not less than 70° of latitude. The Mississippi runs south and crosses parallels of latitude; it consequently traverses a great diversity of climates, and floats down to the Gulf a variety of produce,—a large assortment of staples. Its tributaries flow East and West; and each one contributes to the main stream itself many productions that are peculiar to its own latitude and climate.

The Amazon flows East. It runs along a parallel of latitude. Save and except the changes due to elevation, its climates are the same, and its banks, from source to mouth are lined with the same growth. Its tributaries run North and South, and the products supplied by one of these to the main stream, are duplicates of the

products to be contributed by all. In our river valley, winter and summer, spring and autumn, mark the year and divide the seasons;—in the other, the seasons are the wet and the dry—and the year is all summer. One valley is in the Northern hemisphere; the other in the Southern. When it is seed time on one side, the harvest is ripe on the other.

The Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico are twin basins. They are seas Mesopotamian and wholly American. The great equatorial current having its *genesis* in the Indian Ocean, and doubling the cape of Good Hope sweeps by the mouth of the Amazon, and after traversing both Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico, it meets the Gulf Stream, and places the commercial outlet of that river almost as much in the Florida pass as in the mouth of the Mississippi river itself. Two travelers may set out from the Yucatan pass; one North for the sources of the Missouri, the other South for the head waters of the Amazon. If, when the former reaches the base of the Rocky Mountains, he will cut a tree down and let it fall into the river, so that it will drift with the current without lodging by the way, it will meet in the straits of Florida one cut and cast into the Amazon by the other traveler, from the sides of the Andes, and floated down that river in like manner. The natural route of the drift-wood, from both to the open sea, is through the Gulf of Mexico, around the peninsula of Florida and so out into the Atlantic through the Gulf Stream.

These twin basins are destined by Nature to be the greatest commercial receptacles in the world. No age, clime nor quarter of the globe affords any parallel or any conditions of the least resemblance to these which we find in this Sea or Gulf.

A French Philanthropist.

M. Hippolyte Ladurean lately died at Paris. He was a true benefactor of his species. By two clauses in his will, which have been published, he left three sums of one thousand crowns each, to be paid every year

as a marriage portion to three young girls from among the poor of his native village, and a prize of nine hundred francs, to the most deserving of the old boatmen of the Loire. The testator remembered that his own father had commenced life as a poor boatman, gaining a livelihood by tugging toilfully at the oar. During the revolution he employed his boat in transporting nobles and proscribed priests, and thus commenced a fortune, which the industrious mariner had increased to such an extent that on his decease he left millions to his two sons. The oldest died some years ago, after a life of active generosity, and after having established many public charities. A generous emulation to do good existed between the two brothers. M. Hippolyte Ladurean, who provided by his will that the recipients of his bounty should be married, receive their marriage portion, and be recompensed on the anniversary of his birthday, took delight, while living, in celebrating the three great epochs of the year, his name-day, New Year's day, and the day of the date of his entry into the world. On these days there was always some one made happy by him. On New Year's eve, seated at his fireside, with his feet stretched out on the fender, he would ask himself, "What present shall I make myself to-morrow?" You might have taken him for an egotist and a sybarite, pondering upon the choice of object of luxury or of costly pleasure to gratify his expensive taste.

He was determining in his own mind what poor person should receive succor on this happy occasion. The money that purchased this present often went to the Mont-de-Picte, to redeem articles of absolute necessity, which nothing but poverty, the most helpless and most worthy of commiseration, could ever have consented to part with. One of his most favorite presents was to release some father of a family, detained for debt in the prison Clichy. When he had accomplished this act of beneficence, the excellent philanthropist would rub his hands with glee, and laugh in his sleeve, as though he had perpetrated

a capital joke. And his great amusement was to imagine to himself the astonishment of the prisoner overcome by an unexpected happiness, and racking his brain to think who could have rendered him such service; for the kind good doer always maintained the strictest incognito. "There's a man nicely puzzled," thought he, gaily, and how surprised his family, who did not expect him, will be to see him!" This reflection led very naturally to another. If they did not expect him then no provision had been made for his reception; consequently the family are likely to have a very bad dinner. The joyful occasion must be complete, and deliverance celebrated by a very good meal; and immediately the restaurateur was ordered to furnish a rich and succulent dinner which was paid for beforehand. 'What a fine stage effect! and what a fresh surprise for the guests!—it will be like the fairy scenes; where the table all served comes up through the stage.' And the worthy philanthropist would rub his hands harder still, and redouble his hilarity. Was not this unexpected feast, in truth a capital joke? The author of these admirable pleasantries is no more, but his good deeds live after him.

[*Parkers Journal.*

—•—
The Great Cataract.

"ANOTHER MAN OVER THE FALLS."

Such is the startling announcement occasionally sent over the country on the lightning wing. A life has been lost. Those who are acquainted with Niagara need not be told that a leap from that trembling precipice of waters, is certain destruction. The sound of its thunders creeps into the ear, and the eye shuts as if looking into that seething, restless, remorseless depth of troubled foam. We have stood and looked over that treacherous edge, says the "Cayuga Chief" where the young lady reached for a flower, and with a shriek, plunged down upon the sharp rocks beneath, with the crushed bud in her hand.

Death murmurs hoarsely in every wave that goes madly by, and yet the fool-hardy still look over and linger upon the turf whose roots reach down in vain for bottom.

But a few days since, the news was telegraphed. "A man over the falls!" He was intoxicated at the time. Afterwards his mutilated remains were seen leaping and whirling in the whirlpool below.

Reader, do you know of a Great Cataract whose dark waters sweep by your own door—whose wave-crests gleam with the foam of death, whose solemn thunders are made up of the wailings of the bereaved and the lost? Do you know of a verge which hides the seething vortex of certain destruction from the careless gaze? Do you know of an incense which smiles in the sunbeams, but rests upon the oblivious depths of woe? See you no friend or neighbor plunging by? Hear you no shriek—"A MAN OVER THE FALLS?" Are there no whirlpools where the wrecks of those you love, are circling in the remorseless vortex?

Young friend! we call you friend, because we are a friend to you. Are you launched upon that "limitless" tide which is swiftly shooting to the Great Cataract? Hear you no muttering thunders? See you no wrecks of the young, the brave and the true, go plunging a head? Are you madly reaching for the flowers which live upon that fatal brim? Are you attempting to tread that rainbow pathway which smiles over the chaos of ruin? Do you ever dream of the treacherous character of that current that sweeps beneath you? *Look Shoreward!* Mark your speed! Now to your oars, and a soul in the blade! Ah! my young friend, we write sadly. The Great Cataract is black with death, and the whirlpool is thick with wrecks of more value than all the wealth of God's Universe. We shout, but you will not hear, and that dull, thrilling boom ever knells the lost. The waters of that Cataract gather from every part of the land. From twenty-five to thirty thousand annually leap down there upon the begrimed

rocks or are swallowed in the waves and borne away! Look even woman is there, her long tresses mingling darkly with the foam. And they were ALL WARNED.

Advocate and Register.

•••

The Desire for Wealth.

There is yet another great principle involved in this request; it is that our desire for temporal good should be moderate.

"Give us this day our daily bread." This prayer regulates the amount of our wants, and the measure of our desires. They are limited to a competency. If God's will so decide our destiny, having food and raiment, we shoud learn there-with to be content. We should be willing to live from day to day, fed by God, and from his table. Where our own duty is faithfully performed, we may not be anxious for to-morrow's bread; God would have us ever coming to him. We are not sure of to-morrow; we may not need his bounty then—for "what is your life, it is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away." Time flies, the stream of life is ebbing away. That distant, uncertain thing, to-morrow would have crowned the most ardent hopes, but for the grave. When it came, it brought only a cypress wreath. While we covet the good things of this world, the petition which we are amplifying obviously gives no countenance to the spirit of hoarding up. If a Christian man were to make the experiment, he would find it a very difficult thing to pray for great wealth. The spirit of covetousness and of prayer do not dwell together in the same bosom. We are instructed to ask only as we need; there is danger in asking more. God may give more, but it is not safe to ask for more lest he should say of us as he did of his restive and grasping people of other days—"I gave them their request, but sent leanness into their souls."

It is a beautiful remark of Lord Bacon, bad as he was, "Seek not proud wealth; but such as thou mayest get

justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully and live contentedly." Wealth is desirable, not for its own sake, not merely for the wants it supplies. In itself, it is an abstract, imaginary thing and where it is possessed, not unfrequently creates more wants than it gratifies. It is desirable, mainly to augment influence, and to extend the facilities of doing good. That accomplished statesman and jurist, the late William Wirt, a name that will long be illustrious and venerated in American history, on this topic makes the following touching observations: Excessive wealth is neither glory nor happiness. The cold and sordid wretch who thinks only of himself; who draws his head within his shell, and never puts it out, but for the purpose of lucre and ostentation; who looks upon his fellow creatures, not only without sympathy, but with arrogance and insolence, as if they were to be his vassals and he to be their lord, as if they were made for no other purpose than to pamper his avarice, or to contribute to his aggrandizement, such a man may be rich, but trust me, he never can be happy, nor virtuous, nor great. There is in a fortune, a golden mean, which is the appropriate region of virtue and intelligence. Be content with that, and if the horn of plenty overflow, let its droppings fall upon your fellow men; let it fall like the droppings of honey in the wilderness, to cheer the faint and weary pilgrim."

It is a sad thought, that wealth is essential to distinction. It is not so. The voice of conscience, the voice of reason, the voice of God, announces it is not so. Wealth alone is not worth living for.—Sigh not for wealth. Envy not the splendor and ease of the affluent. The most wealthy are often the most in want. A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possessth. Where wealth is the most eagerly sought after, it is the least satisfying. No wise man will ever venture to pray that he might be rich. Let a man be thankful, if by exemplary diligence he can procure a comfortable living; if with this he can be cheerful and happy, he

has the earnest of more, and what is of much greater consequence, he has the pledge that more will not be his ruin. An eminent merchant of this metropolis distinguished not less for his liberality than his integrity and success in business, and who was a most exemplary ruling elder in one of the churches, remarked to the writer of these pages many years ago, "Sir God has been pleased to give me a large share of this world's goods; but I have never dared to ask for more than my daily bread."

Who cares for Sailors.

The sailor's peculiarities are the principal causes of our sympathy with and affection for him. To us landsmen, who have so long been subjected to the laws of fashion, the sailor's independent peculiarities are always charming.

They are sources of admiration as well as amusement. We admire his naturalness of manner, his frankness, the freshness and unhackneyedness of his nature; his generosity not with regard to mere dollars alone, but that generosity of soul which manifests itself in devotion to shipmates, friends and country—in real magnanimity and kindness to all men.

We admire his courage, his energy his full grown heart, the genuine product of the large deep ocean, uncramped by the petty knavish arts and trickeries of the shore.

Take away the sailor's peculiarities and you make him a mere salted landsman. Blend sailors into the general mass, and they lose their virtues by acquiring the vices of the shore. If the sailor were one of us, we should be required to do no more for him than for caulkers, ship builders, or riggers. But now, isolated and peculiar as he is, he has or should have, the sympathy of all Christians.

We like to see a band of sailors together, whether at sea or on shore, in church or in boarding house. We confess an unavoidable pity for the ludicrous weakness of that mate of a ship, who when once invited to attend a Bethel, replied, that "when he went to church, he could go where other folks went," as if a seamen's Bethel

were a sort of a cage for those wild beasts which could not safely be suffered to roam abroad at their own free will.

We confess, also, that we admire the trim, neat dress of the sailor, a style handed down from time immemorial—better, far better for him than any of the changeable fashions of the shore. We also lament the vanity which has, of late, led some sailors to endeavor to hide their profession, when on shore, in a full suit of regular shore-going "long togs." We doubt whether the fabulous sea-god would own as his children, some that we have lately seen disguised in landsmen clothes "from truck to keelson," even in silk hat, vest, and unwonted suspenders and straps; yes, straps "bent on" to the pantaloons, and belayed under the boots of an "old salt," whose every step scattered fragrance like a traveling tar kiln.

The peculiarities of the sailor are the chief cause of the pleasure derived from preaching to him. When you once tell the sailor that you desire his good, no heart is so open to your efforts as his. He knows how to value kindness. His heart is not like the hearts of many landsmen, overgrown with a time-gathered crust of callous stupidity. When brought under the influence of the preached gospel, it often has a powerful influence upon him melting him into tears. True it is, that the seamen's preacher is sometimes led to overrate his eloquence and the goodness of the sailor, and has by sad experience to learn that it is much easier for men of strong passions to weep, than to feel "that godly sorrow which worketh repentance unto life." And, yet, living on hope and faith, he does not labor in vain, for impressions made on a sailor's heart are not lost. The seed cast upon the waters germinates, and brings forth fruit to the praise and glory of God. Facts are not wanting to illustrate the truth of these assertions, even in this goodly city of Portland.

Not long since a sailor came from a distant port, stopped at the Mansion, and there finding religious books in his room, furnished by those in the city who care for seamen, he soon be-

came deeply impressed with his condition as a sinner, sought the Bethel preacher, and after several days of deep and pungent conviction, was brought "to rejoice in the truth as it is in Jesus," and went to sea, giving hopeful evidence that "he had passed from death unto life." And this day has the heart of the Bethel preacher been cheered in conversing with another who has just "found peace in Jesus."

New Englander.

The Gas-light and the Star.

The one speaks of Man, showy, fleeting, enlightening a little space, and passing in the morning. The other speaks of God: calm, majestic, enduring immutably from age to age, shedding its light and serene radiance throughout the realms of Existence and of Space.

The one is the symbol of Gaiety and of physical Pleasure; which are most vivid and attractive in the hours of night, in the dance, in the concert, in the theatre, in the brilliant and exhilarated assembly; which are purely artificial in their sources while they last, and are too often evolved from materials the most common, or coarse, or offensive; which only attract because darkness lends them brilliance, and which fade and are extinguished under the pure light of the sun. The other is the symbol of spiritual Happiness:—celestial in its origin, in its author, in its home; of pure satisfying and permanent beauty; refreshing and uplifting in all its influences; revealing in our retirement, as crowding the heavens with glorious points of hope and promise; revealing to our wakeful and conscious hours, through the full glow of an enjoyment, of which the smile of the sunshine that beautifies the earth is only a type;—a Happiness that is ever more glorious as we draw nigher to its source; that embraces in its delightful unity all the tints and elements of pure joy which are known to the soul; and that shall shine more calmly and brightly on our experience when the pleasures of life have faded and gone out.

The one is the symbol of man's Thought and Argument;—which sometimes almost dazzle the eye that looks at them, yet which throw their light over only a limited circle of enquiry and of effort; many of which need to be gathered into combination, in order to the enlightenment of a community or an age; and which even as so combined do not shed upon it the clear and certain radiance of Day;—which only enlighten it enough for a hesitating and diffident progress, and for the accomplishment of the necessary offices of Society; and which are speedily forgotten when distance or time have parted us from them;—The other is the symbol of the Divine Wisdom, and of its august Revelation of Truth to man;—never failing, always radiant, as clear and young today as when the shepherds watched their flocks beneath the shining, harmonious heavens; pouring a clear and steady light on all that concerns man's actions and belief, irradiating life through its whole compass and duration, touching the character with a rare and exquisite beauty, unfolding it into fruits of benevolence and heroism, warming out from the nature which it has penetrated, and renewing all kindly graces, and sweet-home charities and Christian aspirations,—and giving to its hopes a warmer tint, and to the currents of its feelings a more musical flow. With a perfect and far reaching splendor this Wisdom shines down on our daily activities. Even the clouds of sorrow which at intervals gather over us, cannot altogether conceal or detain us from its light. It sometimes so imbues and transforms them that they become resplendent beneath it. And when we lie down at night, its promises are over us, as stars in the azure, the luminous pillars of support and confidence. Yea, we may even see through its expanse the angels watching us with glad and spiritual eyes.

The Light is the symbol of man's worldly Activity and Effort;—in which his very life and spirit are expended; which sheds its influence, perhaps, of outward comfort and cheer on the circle around him, but which pours into the soul no vital warmth of

faith, to educate and purity it, and which expresses itself, after it has ceased in no enduring and accumulated fruit ; which flames and burns brightly, waves to and fro as the gusts strike it, makes the wayfarer walk more pleasantly awhile, and the carriage roll more smoothly, goes out with life and leaves no trace.—The Star is the symbol of the Divine Working which man shall share in heaven ;—the work which is itself the highest Rest, in which is no hurry, no jar no vain and fruitless endeavor, no wearing out of nature ; no waste of life ; which moves on calmly, grandly, serenely, in perfect silence, to majestic results ; whose effects are the harmony and stability of the universe, the orderly and sweet procession of the seasons, the inspiration of life throughout all systems, the rising and falling of the tides in human affairs, the enlightening of darkness everywhere, the still descent into the opening and meditative Soul of influences, sublimer than all the stellar ;—the Working whose movement is in silence, whose period and its scope are over Ages and Worlds, and whose sublime and enduring results of peace and of well being, are seen lying in light and beauty on all the surfaces of human Life. This work, which is Rest, is the prerogative of God. We shall partake it in heaven if we are His. The star is its symbol ; as the star when it first arose to its radiant throne, was its trophy and fruit !

It is the symbol of ETERNITY ; and the other of TIME ! With all its brilliant, up-flashing splendor, the light by the wayside passes to its end. It has a purpose ; and that being answered it sinks and is gone. It is for man ; and man needing it no longer, its term is reached ; it fades into nothingness and forgetfulness for ever.—But Eternity has been around it, has enclosed and encompassed it, as the heavens surround and overhang the earth through all its history. Eternity does not end, when it is finished. Nay ! Eternity then comes to the soul in its full resplendence ;—dazzling and blinding the eye that is diseased, shooting strange pain into the nerve that shrinks at the Revelation of Ho-

liness ; but sweetly enfolding in the warmth and beauty of the presence of God, the soul, whose state through Christ is normal and pure. Oh, when Eternity so comes to us, may it open that celestial Day where Ages are the instants, and God the sun, and Angels the friends, and stars and systems.

—“the shining dust
“Of our divine Abode !”

Independent.

—••—
A Noble Example.

About the year 1776 a circumstance occurred which ought to be written on adamant. In the wars of New England with the aborigines, the Mohegan tribe of Indians early became friends of the English. Their favorite grounds were on the banks of the river (now the Thames) between New London and Norwich. A small remnant of the Mohegans still exist, and they are scarcely protected in the possession and enjoyment of their favorite domain on the banks of the Thames. The government of this tribe became hereditary in the family of the celebrated chief Uncas. During the time of my fathers mercantile prosperity, he had employed several Indians of this tribe in hunting animals whose skins were valuable for their furs.

Among those hunters was one named Zachary, of the royal race, an excellent hunter, but as drunken and worthless an Indian as ever lived. When he had somewhat passed the age of fifty, several members of the royal family who stood between Zackary and the throne, died, and he found himself with only one life between himself and the Empire. At this moment his better genius resumed its sway and he reflected seriously, ‘How can such a drunken wretch as I am aspire to be a chief of this honorable race ? What will my people say ? and how will the shades of my noble ancestors look down indignant upon such a base successor ? Can I succeed to the great Uncas ? I will drink no more !’ He solemnly resolved never again to taste any drink but water, and he kept his resolution.

I had heard this story and did not

entirely believe it; for young as I was I already partook of the prevailing contempt for Indians. In the beginning of May, the annual election of the principal officers of the (then) colony was held at Hartford, the capital. My father attended officially, and it was customary for the chief of the Mohegans also to attend. Zackary had succeeded to the rule of his tribe. My father's house was situated about midway on the road between Mohegan and Hartford, and the old chief was in the habit of coming a few days before the election, and dining with his brother Governor. One day the mischievous thought struck me to try the old man's temperance. The family were seated at dinner, and there was excellent home-brewed beer on the table. I addressed the old chief:

'Zackary, this beer is excellent—will you taste it?'

The old man dropped his knife and fork, leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression—his black eye sparkling with indignation, was fixed on me.

'John' said he 'you do not know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! Do you know that I am an Indian! I tell you that I am, and that if I should but taste your beer I could not stop till I got to rum, and again become the contemptible drunken wretch your father remembers me to have been. John, while you live, never again tempt a man to break a good resolution.'

Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept. Demosthenes could not have given it in more solemn tones of eloquence. I was thunderstruck. My parents were deeply affected; they looked at each other, at me, and at the venerable Indian with deep feelings of awe and respect. They afterwards frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it. Zackary lived to pass the age of eighty, and sacredly kept his resolution. He lies buried in the royal burial place of his tribe, near the beautiful falls of the Yantic, the western branch of the Thames, in Norwich, on land now owned by my friend Calvin Goddard Esq. I visited the grave of the old chief lately, and repeated to

myself his inestimable lesson.—*Col. Trumbull's Autobiography.*

The Sailor and the Actress.

"When I was a poor girl" said the Dutchess of St. Albans, "working very hard for my thirty shillings a week, I went down to Liverpool during the holidays, where I was always kindly received. I was to perform a new piece something like those pretty little affecting dramas they get up now at our minor theatres; and in my character I represented a poor friendless orphan girl, reduced to the most wretched poverty. A heartless tradesman prosecutes the sad heroine for debt, and insists on putting her in prison unless some one will be bail for her. The girl replies, 'then I have no hope; I have not a friend in the world.' 'What! will no one be bail for you to save you from prison?' asked the stern creditor. 'I have told you I have not a friend on earth,' was my reply. But just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery spring over the railing, letting himself down from one tier to another until he bounded over the orchestra and foot-lights, and placed himself beside me in a moment. 'Yes, you shall have one friend at least, my poor young woman,' with the greatest expression in his honest sunburnt countenance, I will go bail for you to any amount. And as for you (turning to the frightened actor,) if you dont bear a hand and shift your moorings, it will be worse for you when I come athwart your bows.' Every creature in the house rose; the uproar was perfectly indescribable, peals of laughter, screams of terror, cheers from his tawny messmates in the gallery; preparatory scrapings of violins from the orchestra; and amid the universal din, there stood the unconscious cause of it, sheltering me, 'poor distressed young woman,' and breathing defiance and destruction against my mimic persecutor. He was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me, by the manager affecting to arrive and rescue me with a profusion of theatrical bank notes.'

The Sailor's Advice.

Sailors, from some cause, are remarkably sympathetic and benevolent, They will divide their last dollar with one in penury and want ; they will if necessary, imperil their lives to rescue one from imminent danger. These are estimable traits of character, and are frequently connected with eminent usefulness—with an alleviation or removal of suffering—with the salvation of the lives of men. Let this heroism, sympathy and liberality be rightly directed—let these be controlled by Christian sentiment, and the result will be glorious. Sailors are generally attentive to preaching and exhortation—they are teachable and susceptible of religious impressions. These are among the encouragements to labor for their improvement and salvation. My honored father informed me of the case of an excellent minister, who had long and faithfully labored in one place for the cure of souls ; but, alas, with very little success. This man of God, stated this melancholy fact with much sensibility and a desponding air ; and signified his serious thoughts of leaving the field for one of some promise. A sailor who was present, though unregenerate at that time, was evidently moved. He had already imbibed a profound respect for this clergyman and his sacred office. His generous bosom heaved with a sort of virtuous indignation in view of the recklessness, impenitence and obduracy of the inhabitants of the region of the minister's efforts, sorrows and tears. And this son of the ocean vehemently exclaimed “I would not leave. Don't abandon the ground to the devil. Here is something to help in your maintenance a while longer on this seemingly barren field.” The Lord was in this movement; the preacher was affected and remained in the assiduous discharge of the pastoral office. God gave grace and glory. Converts to righteousness were multiplied, among whom was our noble sailor boy.

C. C. COMSTOCK.

Spirit of the Lakes.

Golden Excerpts.

“ Death is a blessing—the evening of that restless day we call life. In the sleep of death, the griefs, the vexations, the tears, which incessantly agitate unhappy mortals, repose for ever.”

Why do we fear death; why unwilling to die? Is life so invaluable that we desire no better country? What we call life is hastening to death, and what we call death is the beginning of life. In its nature it is a curse ; terrible because it robs us of life, separates from God. But Christ hath taken from death its curse and sting, and made death the passage into eternal life. Worldly things and relations are only lent to us for a time ; in death the believer exchanges unsatisfactory possessions for endless good. Imperfect human fellowship is exchanged for that of our heavenly Father, of Jesus Christ, angels and glorified spirits. The fear of death should urge to the mercy seat, that we may obtain grace and compassion in the exercise of repentance for our sins ; should lead us to suppress doubts and unbelief by renewed diligence. If we can trace in our hearts the operation of the Holy Spirit, let us not be discouraged by our imperfections, but plead the gracious promises. The care of the Shepherd is specially exercised over the feeble of the flock. The traveler longs for his home; the laborer for the sunset; the mariner tossed on the billows for the haven. So our souls should long for rest, redemption, triumph, our Father's house. By faith let us seek to be assured of the forgiveness of sins in Christ ; by progression in a godly life seek to have death disarmed of his sting, the grave of its victory, and see opened before us the gate of eternal life, through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and be enabled, if not with the confidence of vision, yet with the strength of faith, and with the proto-martyr, to exclaim, “Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.”

Translator.

The Loss of the First-born.

We have in the Providence of God been compelled to weep at the loss of our first born boy, our darling Willie. To-day is the anniversary of his burial. On the fourth of February 1850 in the cabin of the Panama, then smoothly gliding through the "Atlantic waves," he breathed his last. No affectionate relatives were with us to aid in performing the offices of kindness required by the sick. No physician was there to administer the healing potion. Our babe was suffering and we knew not how to relieve him. In sadness, ever and anon raising an ejaculatory petition to the throne of grace, we awaited the approach of the destroyer. Our faithful friend the Captain of the vessel stood by him until the last. The struggle was long and fearful. Slowly but surely the King of Terrors advanced. In a few moments all was over. We had never before seen a human being die. Well may death be called the King of Terrors. Never shall we forget the scene of that hour. We placed his little robe upon him, clipped a few locks of that beautiful hair, as a memento, and left his dear form in the charge of the kind Captain. The next morning was damp and cloudy. The first object which met our sight in coming out of the cabin was the body of our babe, decently prepared for its ocean grave. At nine o'clock all on board the vessel were standing 'near the gangway prepared to bury the dead. The body was brought and placed upon a plank by the vessel's side. Tears freely flowed as we thought that but a few days before we had held our little one up near that same spot and permitted him to look upon the dancing blue waves which he dearly loved to see. With an open Bible in hand we attempted to read the 90th Psalm, but the task was too heavy. Grief choked our utterance. We handed the Bible to the Captain who in a slow and distinct manner read the Psalm. We then engaged in prayer. While thus engaged the body was suffered quietly to slide in the sea. When he had ended, the vessel was some distance from the spot where the body had

sunk. No tomb-stone marks the spot where our infant sleeps. But we know that the eye of the Saviour rests upon him. We know too that in that great day we shall see our boy clad in immortality ready to enter in with us to the bright world where sorrow never comes.—*Rich. Chr. Adv.*

Childish:

There was a rush to the front door, and a very little girl followed, anxious to see what was passing, when her mother caught her in her arms, and rushed through the entry and up stairs the little one struggling and screaming as if every hope was dashed, until, reaching the balcony of the second story, the little one was suddenly overjoyed at finding that she had reached the very best point of observation.

This was a very simple household incident but it seemed to me to illustrate what often happens in the great family of God's children. We fix upon an object, and towards it we rush with the utmost eagerness and hope, and when stopped short in our career and driven perhaps in the opposite direction we repine, rebel, despair, as though God were a hard master, when all the while, as the event soon shows, he was conducting us towards our object by a better way, or towards some other good far richer and greater.

The little girl above named, was convinced more than ever, probably of her mother's faithfulness and tender care, and mortified at her own impatience. And what child of God has not often enough been brought out of dark passages and into the possession of unexpected good, to convince him that he has a Father in heaven who cares for him and deserves his confidence. And what Christian has not been ashamed of the complaints that were indulged at a moment when all was not plain to sense and sight. Truly God is honored when his children walk by faith—when they declare by every act, "Though thou slay me yet will I trust in thee." And then too, have they the most substantial peace,

the most of that calm and heavenly quiet which likens the soul to God in its bliss and exaltation. "Ye that fear the Lord trust in the Lord, he is their help and their shield."

For the Sailor's Magazine.

A Simple Story for Captains and Mates,

The other day as I casually stepped into the Sailor's Home clothing store, at 190 Cherry St. New York, I observed a gentleman selecting clothing for a fine looking boy, some twelve or fourteen years of age. This gentleman proved to be the first officer of a ship lying at the wharf ready for sea. He was fitting out this boy for his first voyage. As I always notice boys, I turned to him:—

"Well my lad, you are going to sea ?

"Yes sir."

"Where are you bound ?

"To California, sir,"

"Do you think you can make a sailor?"

"I can try, sir.

Well my lad, obey your officers, do your duty promptly, shun bad company, don't let bad sailors lead you away, and you will make not only a good sailor but a good man; and may be an officer too.

As soon as his bundle was ready he started for the ship, when I said to the officer, you have a fine looking boy there.

"Yes," he replied, "I picked up that boy, and shall take him to sea with me. I must tell you about him. I was passing along the wharf quite early one morning and saw this boy lying on, or partly under a pile of lumber. My sympathy and curiosity led me to arouse him up; asking him what he was doing there? He said he was there to sleep as he had no place to go to. Where did you come from? I inquired. He readily gave the name of the town and county in the state of New York. I then asked him why he came to the city. "I thought," said he, "I could get a chance to go to sea; but my money is all gone, and I don't know what to do." How much money did you have? "I had five dollars, sir, when I started;

I got it by working for Mr.— on his farm." "Have you a father and mother?" "No sir, my father was very intemperate and often got drunk: and one night he came home so crazy that he killed my sister and himself too. Then I had to go out to work, and mother had to go to the County House; but it killed her too, for she didn't live but five months. It is most a year since she died." "Have you any brothers?"

"Yes sir, I have one. He has been gone away a good while, and I think he has gone to sea."

And you want to go to sea too?

"Yes sir, I do."

I told him he might go on board the ship with me, and never did I see a creature filled with more joy and gratitude. Rarely have I seen a boy so active about the ship; and so deep is his sense of gratitude that he watches my every movement to serve me when he can. Sometimes I am necessarily absent an hour or two; and when I return I find him on the look out for me. I've seen the tears of gladness run down his cheeks to see me come on board again.

Here the officer's pumps began to choke, and I was not much better off; so we parted—he for the ship, and I to moralize thus:—

1. How many boys are floating about the docks and wharves of New York, whose destitute condition is similar, and whose history, if not so sad as this case, is sufficiently so to reach the sympathies of any living heart. Some are orphans, and others are worse than orphans. Numbers of these destitute and helpless ones have lately been received and provided for at the Sailor's Home.

2. How commendable the acts of that officer. Too many would have left that boy to earn, or beg, or steal his bread by day, and to float from one pile of lumber to another to sleep at night. But not so with that good Samaritan—he has already his reward in having performed a humane and praiseworthy act; and it may yet appear that he dug from under that pile of lumber as precious a jewel as ever shone upon the sea. Let Masters

and Mates who admire the act go and do likewise.

3. How important, a school, where such boys as well as those in better circumstances may be trained for nautical life, and also for a world where there shall be no more sea. Who will take the lead in this matter? And how can money be better applied?

The writer of this sketch, having had the charge of men and boys a good part of his life, and twelve of the years as Master of a ship, cannot express on paper what he feels on the subject. He is willing, though comparatively poor, to join others in expressing his feelings in dollars.

M. S,

The Power of Steam.

A pint of water, evaporated by two ounces of coal, swells into two hundred and sixteen gallons of steam, with a mechanical force sufficient to raise a weight of thirty seven tons a foot high. By allowing it to expand by virtue of its elasticity, a further mechanical force may be obtained at least equal in amount to the former.

Five pints of water evaporated by a pound of coke in a locomotive engine, will exert a mechanical power sufficient to draw two tons weight, on a railway, a distance of one mile in two minutes. Four horses in a stage coach, on a common road, will draw the same weight the same distance in eight minutes.

Four tons of coke, worth twenty five dollars, will evaporate enough water to carry on a railway a train of coaches weighing about eighty tons, and transporting two hundred and forty passengers, with their baggage, from Liverpool to Birmingham, and back again, total distance one hundred and ninety miles, in four hours and a quarter each way. To transport the same number of passengers daily by stage coaches, on a common road, between the same places, would require twenty coaches, and an establishment of three thousand eight hundred horses, with which the journey in each direction would be performed in about twelve hours.

The Storm Petrel.

A correspondent of the *Atlas*, who has lately visited the group of islands known as *Grand Manan*, off Eastport, discloses a very interesting fact in relation to the whereabouts of this favorite little bird of the ocean.

Another interesting ornithological attraction is the breeding places of the Storm Petrel, better known among sailors as mother Carey's Chickens. Before these islands were inhabited, these birds probably bred more or less upon all of them, but have been driven since to a few of the smaller uninhabited ones. They burrow in the soft ground, or use hollow logs, roots, and trunks of trees, for their resorts in the breeding season. On a small island near the southern end of Grand Manan, containing about eight acres of ground, we found it furrowed in every direction by their holes. It is no exaggeration whatever to say that a complete census of the colony, then in the midst of their breeding, would have numbered them by thousands. They make the burrows leading to their nests, of various lengths, varying from one foot to even ten or twelve in extent. How they contrive to dig these long channels with their weak bills and small webbed feet, is hardly less wonderful than the nest building of the Herring Gull.

Look out from Aloft.

An eminent merchant of this city, in his instructions to the Captains of his vessels requires that a man shall be sent aloft every morning, at daylight, and every evening, before sunset, to scan the horizon, to see if any vessels are in the vicinity, requiring assistance. This is a most excellent order, and ought to be imitated by every ship owner; and we think it might be extended, so that every time the helm is relieved, the man relieved should be sent aloft, and his report entered as regularly into the log book as the ship's progress. The reports of many vessels in distress, show that they have frequently been passed by vessels which took no notice of them. We have little doubt

that were a regular system of looking out aloft introduced into all our ships many lives might be saved, and much suffering relieved.

Boston Atlas.

Will Fish Revive after having Frozen.

A correspondent of the Cleveland Visitor states that a lot of perch were caught in the winter and thrown on the snow, where they soon froze so solid that in handling them many had their fins broken off. After remaining frozen several hours, they were put into a tub of water, and on examining them after they had been in the water a while, several of them were found as lively and active as any fish could be. Dr. J. P. Kirkland, in the same paper, states that in 1820, he and several other persons caught several bushels of eels in a stream in Connecticut. It was in very cold weather, and the eels had been driven from a mill-pond by drawing off the water. He says: "The eels were taken home, and during the night were placed in a cold and exposed room, and were literally as stiff and almost as brittle as icicles. The next morning a tub was filled with them, into which was poured a quantity of water drawn from the well, and they were then placed in a warm stove-room for the purpose of thawing. In the course of an hour or two the family were astonished to find them resuscitated, and as active as if just taken during summer. The experiment was tried with a number of tubs full during the day, and with similar results.

Vice Requires more Sacrifice than Virtue.

I will venture to affirm that religion with all her beautiful and becoming sanctity, imposes fewer sacrifice than the uncontrolled dominion of any one vice. Her service is not only perfect safety, but perfect freedom. She is not so tyrannizing as passion, so exacting as the world, nor so despotic as fashion. Let us try the case by a parallel, and examine it, not as affecting our virtue, but our pleasure. Does

religion forbid the cheerful enjoyments of life as rigorously as avarice forbids them? Does she require such sacrifices of our ease as ambition, or such renunciations of our quiet as pride? Does devotion murder sleep like dissipation? Does she destroy health, like intemperance? Does she annihilate wealth, like gaming? Does she imbitter life, like discord, or abridge it, like duelling? Does religion impose more vigilance than suspicion, or half as many mortifications as vanity? If the estimate be fairly made, then I will venture to assert that the balance is clearly on the side of religion, even in the article of earthly happiness and pleasure.

Wise words from John Wesley.

We may die without the knowledge of many truths, and be carried to Abraham's bosom; but if we die without love, what will knowledge avail us? Just as much as it avails the Devil and his angels. I will not quarrel with you about my opinion; only see that your heart is right towards God—that you love the Lord Jesus Christ—that you love your neighbor—walk as your Master walked, and desire no more. I am sick of *opinions*; I am weary to hear them—my soul loathes, their frothy food. Give me solid, substantial religion; give me an humble lover of God and man, a man full of mercy and good fruits, a man laying himself out in works of faith, the patience of hope, the labor of love. Let my soul be with such Christians, wheresoever they are, and whatsoever opinions they may hold. "He that doeth the will of my Father in heaven, the same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother."

If industry is no more than habit, it is at least an excellent one. If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence, will conquer all the rest. All good principles must stagnate without mental activity.—*Zimmerman.*

God's Hand in the Storm.

A day for *special thanksgiving to God*, has recently been observed at Wellfleet, Mass.; to acknowledge his goodness in the remarkable deliverances vouchsafed to the fishermen of that place, in the late destructive gale off Prince Edward's Island, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

During the exercises, the fact, that the Wellfleet people had abstained from fishing on the Sabbath, while the vessels from some other places,—Gloucester, Newburyport, Duxbury, Scituate, Harwich and other towns, had fished on that day, as if it was a common day—this fact was adverted to, as a probable cause of protection, and the people were exhorted to hold on in the good old way by the declaration, “They that honor me, I will honor, saith the Lord.”

A Manly Little Boy.

When Lieutenant Govenor Patterson, of Westfield, N. Y., was speaker of the New York Legislature, as is usual at the opening of the House, some dozen boys presented themselves as applicants for the place of Messenger. He enquired their names, and into their conditions, in order to make the proper selection. He came in course of examination to a small boy, about ten years old, a bright looking lad—

“Well, Sir,” said he, ‘what is your name?’

“John Hancock, Sir,” replied the boy with promptness.

“What!” said the Speaker, ‘you did not sign the Declaration of Independence, did you?’

“No Sir,” replied the lad, stretching himself to his utmost proportions, ‘but I would if I had been there.’

“You can be one of the messengers,” said the Speaker.

The last and best definition of war is: “murder set to music.”

Faith.

A kind and tender-hearted clergyman, a “good shepherd” of his flock, was one day speaking of that active, living faith, which should at all times cheer the sincere follower of Jesus, related to me an illustration that had just occurred in his family.

He had gone into the cellar, which in winter was quite dark, and entered by a trap-door. A little daughter only four years old, was trying to find him, and came to the trap-door, but on looking down all was dark, and she called:

“Are you down cellar, father?”

“Yes; would you like to come Mary?”

“It is dark; I can't come down father.”

“Well, my daughter, I am right below you, and I can see you, though you cannot see me, and if you will drop yourself I will catch you.”

“Oh, I shall fall; I can't see you papa.”

“I know it,” he answered, “but I am really here, and you shall not fall and hurt yourself. If you will jump, I will catch you safely.”

Little Mary strained her eye to the utmost; but could catch no glimpse of her father. She hesitated, then advanced a little further, then summoning all her resolution, she threw herself forward and was received safely in her father's arms. A few days after she discovered the cellar door open, and supposing her father to be there she called:

“Shall I come again, papa?”

“Yes, my dear, in a minute,” he replied, had just time to reach his arms towards her, when in her childish glee, she fell shouting into his arms; and clasping his neck, said: “I knew, dear father, I should not fall.”

“I don't like this telling about what people give to this and that object,” said a penurious person, “what I give is nothing to nobody.”

Seamen's Cause in New Orleans.

We have just received a communication from Rev J. L. Seymour, Seamen's Chaplain in New Orleans. We have room only for a few extracts to show how the Chaplain is employed.

"We reached the Mississippi on the third of November, and New Orleans on the fourth.

The voyage was delightful beyond anticipation. Our ship left everything behind that appeared on our course. Our commander was our servant and a bountiful father could not have provided for the wants of his children better than he did for ours. On landing I went immediately to the home wherein a short time I was introduced to Mr. C. D. Buck and other gentlemen favorably known to yourself.

6th Visited, in company with J. G. Brower the indefatigable friend of seamen here, about forty vessels, inviting seamen to the Bethel and distributing tracts, &c.—was courteously received, tracts were twice refused but oftener solicited by those whom we were in danger of omitting. Preached at half past three; have a good room that will seat two hundred and fifty. About sixty present, the Bethel is but a few steps from the Home.

November 11th, at the request of the boarders in the home, I lectured in the evening in the reading room on the North American Indians.

12th, At the request of a few pious boarders opened my room for social prayer half an hour before breakfast. The home is yet unfinished, we have no parlor, the office is in the reading room. Family worship being exposed to inconvenience and interruption is omitted. The morning exercise in my room is not a substitute, but a social meeting to pray for the blessing of God on the home and the sailors at large.

15th, Attended the funeral of Mr. White, aged twenty one, seamen before the mast, ship Hudson, Capt. "White, his brother just in from the Mediterranean, died of the cholera,

sick but twelve hours, his parents live in Wiscasset Maine.

26th, Lectured this evening a fourth time on the manners and customs of the Indians. At the close a Mr. B—I hear him called also K—who came out from B—mate of the ship O. E.—took up the club against christianity. He seems to have seen, heard, read, and remembered everything that can give or be tortured to give evidence against christianity.

The discussion was taken up the next day and continued at intervals for three days. He is mighty in charging ignorance, superstition, and bloodshed on christianity. I joined issue with, and silenced him on the proposition. Christianity has never caused a drop of blood to be shed on earth. Defined christianity as the love of God to his creatures and the love of creatures to each other and to God, even to the sacrifice of life for an enemy's good. If this spirit has not been known on earth christianity has not been known and consequently has not shed blood. It has been known, it is impossible from its nature that it should cause the shedding of blood. The malignity of Cain and not the piety of Abel was the cause of the first murder. Had both been malignant like Cain the murder would just as surely have happened. Had both been pious like Abel it could not have happened. The principle, directly or indirectly, applies to every act of violence on earth, making the malignity of the human heart, not the love of God and man, the cause. He replied with the assertion that christianity had done nothing but injury to man and the hope that he might never be a christian. I called the assembly to witness his hope expressed that he might never love either God or man, and such were the positions he had taken that he could make no reply.

Naval.—Orders have been received at the Navy Yard to prepare the Steamer *Fulton* for sea. She is supposed to be intended for the Brazil squadron. The U. S. frigate *Congress*, ship of war *Plymouth* and brig *Brainbridge*, were at Rio Janeiro on the 29th November

NAVAL JOURNAL.

We are indebted to the Journal of Commerce for the following Tables.

Imports at New York for 1851.

	Dutiable.	Free.	Specie.
January,	\$13,732,764	\$937,650	\$210,455
	Total.	\$14,880,869	
February,	10,341,445	1,208,036	164,031
	"	"	11,713,512
March,	11,719,579	989,530	270,505
	"	"	12,972,614
April,	9,690,252	555,386	521,665
	"	"	10,767,303
May,	9,800,230	785,326	111,443
	"	"	10,696,999
June,	8,815,264	668,716	121,234
	"	"	9,615,214
July,	13,542,345	1,027,481	81,143
	"	"	14,650,969
August,	12,531,249	638,334	186,503
	"	"	13,356,086
September,	10,053,476	366,153	115,550
	"	"	10,555,179
October,	7,393,231	1,558,720	23,165
	"	"	8,975,116
November,	5,776,185	415,838	218,473
	"	"	6,410,496
December,	6,160,122	552,797	25 376
	"	"	6,738,295
Total, . .	\$119,556,142	9,696,967	2,049,543

	of Totals,		
Do for 1850	106,756,959	8,645,240	22,932,443
138,334,642			
Do for 1849	84,927,634	7,255,944	5,474,673
97,658,251			

EXPORTS AT NEW YORK FOR 1851.

	Domestic.	Foreign.	Specie.
January,	\$3,152,744	\$473,979	\$1,266,281
		Total.	\$4 893,004
February,	2,585,786	356,497	1 007,689
	"	"	3 949,972
March	3,976,198	345,615	2 368,861
	"	"	6,630,674
April	4,561,770	380,885	3,482,182
	"	"	8,424,837
May	4,402,052	474,386	4,5 6,135
	"	"	9,382,573
June	3,778,289	321,725	6 462,367
	"	"	10,562,381
July	3,188,027	286,708	6,004,170
	"	"	9,478,955
August	3,259,594	357,523	2,673,444
	"	"	6,290,561
September	2,593,986	450,318	3,490,142
	"	"	6,531,446
October	2,702,382	461,918	1,779,707
	"	"	4,947,007
November	2,451,511	459,965	5,033,996
	"	"	7,945,472
December	2,512,436	373,346	5,668,235
	"	"	8,554,017
Total, . .	\$39,164,775	4,745,865	43 743 2 9
of Totals,	.	.	87,653,849
Do for 1850	\$43,957,012	6,179,288	9,982,948
60,119,248.			

Do for 1849 30,202,770 4,730,749 4,803,450
39,786,969.

SUMMARY OF IMPORTS EXCLUSIVE OF SPECIE, INCLUDING GOODS WAREHOUSED.

Dutiable	Ent. for consumption.	Withdrawn from Warehouse.	Free Goods.
1851, \$105,657,349	\$13,898,793	\$9,696,967	
" Ent. Warehouse,	"	"	\$13,880,082
1850, 95,834,013	10,922,946	8,645,240	
" "	"	"	15,099,750

SUMMARY OF EXPORTS, SEPARATING THE FREE AND DUTIABLE FOREIGN GOODS.

Domestic Produce.	For Dutiable.	For Free.
1851, \$39,164,775	\$4,024,052	\$721,813
" Specie,	"	\$43,743,209
1850, 43,957,012	5,641,208	538,280
" "	"	9,982,948

Emigration for 1851.

Through the politeness of Mr. Bernard Casserly, of the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, we are enabled to present statistics showing the immigration at this port during the last ten years.

Years.	Years.
1842, 74,949	1847 166,110
1843, 56,302	1848 191,909
1844, 61,002	1849 221,799
1845, 82,960	1850 226,287
1846, 115,230	1851 289,601
	280,443 1,095,706
	280,443

Total for ten years, 1,376,149

Those who arrived here last year may be classed as follows:

Irish, - - - - -	163,256
Germans, - - - - -	69,883
English, - - - - -	28,553
Scotch, - - - - -	7,302
French, - - - - -	6,064
Swiss, - - - - -	4,499
Welch, - - - - -	2,189
Norwegians, - - - - -	2,112
Dutch, - - - - -	1,798
Italians, - - - - -	618

West Indians, -	-	-	575
Belgians, -	-	-	475
Poles, -	-	-	422
Spaniards, -	-	-	278
Danes, -	-	-	229
South Americans, -	-	-	121
Sardinians, -	-	-	98
Nova Scotians, -	-	-	81
Canadians, -	-	-	50
Mexicans, -	-	-	42
Portuguese, -	-	-	26
Russians, -	-	-	23
Sicilians, -	-	-	11
East Indians, -	-	-	10
Chinese, -	-	-	9
Turks, -	-	-	4
Greek, -	-	-	1
Total, -	-	-	289,601

Through the politeness of Mr. James Thorne, Boarding Officer in the U. S. Revenue Department, we are enabled to present the following list of vessels arrived at the port of New York, during the year ending December 31st, 1851.

	Ships.	Barkas.	Rigs.	Schooners.	Steamers.	Ketches.	Cangs.	Gallions.	Total.
American	702	510	675	316	126	2	1	1	2381
British	108	64	414	242	37				166
French.....	6	7	16		1				37
Bremen	34	61	33	1					133
Swedish.....	4	12	39	2					48
Austrian.....	5	2	2						9
Norwegian....	3	27	10	5					54
Sicilian.....	2		4	1					7
Hamburg	16	25	3						44
Danish.....	3	2	15	4					24
Russian.....	2	8	1	1					12
Dutch.....		12	8	4					28
Belgian.....	4	8	6						18
Prussian....	3	10	9	1					29
Columbian..	1								2
Neapolitan..	1		3						4
Portuguese..			10	4					14
Italian.....	4		20						27
Spanish.....	3		6	1	2				12
Brazilian....	3		4						7
Oldenberg ..	1		6	2					9
Sardinian ..	1		4	3					8
Venezuelian ..	1		3	1					5
Oriental.....	1		1						2
Lubec	2		1						3
Mecklenberg ..	2		2						4
Hanoverian ..	1		3						1
Rostock.....			1						1
Genoese.....	.1								1
Peruvian	1								1
Gautemalians..	1								1
	941	883	1313	588	156	2	1	4	3888

Passengers from foreign ports, 299,081; from California, via the Isthmus, 18,207. Total, 317,288.

Fishing Vessels of Newburyport.

The Newburyport Herald gives a list of all the vessels employed in the fisheries from that port, the present year, with the tonnage of each vessel, the names of the owners, and number of men employed in them. The aggregate amount is 6012 tons, and the valuation of the vessels with their outfits may be set down at \$211,900. To make a fair remunerating business for the capital invested, and the labor employed in this business, the catchings of the vessels on an average, ought to be equal in value to the entire worth of the vessels and outfits. The vessels amount to 90 in number, employing 985 men.

The Mississippi and its Tributaries.

The St. Louis' Christian Advocate of a late date, contains a highly interesting article on the "Topography and Hydrology" of the Mississippi valley, accompanied by a table exhibiting the Mississippi and its numerous tributaries. The author was unable to ascertain precisely the distance to which each stream was navigable; but he has satisfied himself that the aggregate exceeds twenty thousand miles. From this fact, some idea may be formed of the vast influence which this stream and its tributaries are to exert upon the commerce and industry of the North American continent. It will be seen from the recapitulation, which we subjoin, that the length of "the Great River," with all its parts, is 51,000 miles. What other country under heaven can boast of such a stream?

RECAPITULATION.

RIVERS.	MILES.
Mississippi and tributaries, not including those below—aggregate length.	14,335
Red, and all tributaries—aggregate length,	3,125
Arkansas, do do	5,540
White, do do	1,650
Ohio, do do	10,730

Missouri,	do	do	12,170
Illinois,	do	do	1,270
Wisconsin,	do	do	675

Mississippi, with all its inlets, 50,545
Outlets or bayous (in all) 455
Total length of "the Great
River," with all its parts, 51,000

The Railways of the United States.

The American Railway Times of the 1st inst. contains a list of all the railways in the United States, by which it appears that the number of railways in operation is 263, measuring 11,565 miles, and constructed at a cost of \$335,150,848. The number of railways in course of construction is 74, measuring 11,228 miles. The total number of railways is 337; and the whole number of miles in operation and in course of construction is 22,893. Their locality &c., may be seen from the following.

RECAPITULATION.

States.	No. of Railways.	Miles in operation.	Miles in course of construction.	Cost.
		branches	cluding construction.	
Maine	10	283	175	\$3,191,693
N Hampshire	16	463	76	14,144,755
Vermont	9	359	167	13,116,553
Massachusetts	37	1153	67	51,834,572
Rhode Island	1	50	---	2,614,484
Connecticut	13	510	64	18,198,599
New York	44	1946	946	67,686,155
New Jersey	10	293	40	7,415,000
Pennsylvania	51	1323	535	49,862,918
Delaware	1	16	---	600,000
Maryland	3	255	172	14,221,503
Virginia	16	483	735	8,950,421
North Carolina	3	219	223	4,100,010
South Carolina	7	383	403	8,703,678
Georgia	13	804	181	15,160,080
Florida	2	54	---	254,000
Alabama	7	135	955	1,936,248
Mississippi	4	109	518	1,770,000
Louisiana	7	117	25	1,131,000
Texas	1	72	---	---
Tennessee	7	134	558	2,809,000
Kentucky	6	93	446	1,751,226
Ohio	26	890	1481	17,066,661
Michigan	4	474	---	8,656,340
Indiana	20	538	1117	9,890,000
Illinois	14	271	1606	5,100,000
Missouri	2	---	249	---
Iowa	1	---	180	---
Wisconsin	2	20	216	400,000
Total,	337	11,565	14,928	\$335,150,848

Our Country.

In 1792 the corner-stone of the present capitol at Washington was

laid. At that time General Washington, in whose honor the new seat of government was named officiated. Fifty-eight years afterwards, viz : on the 4th day of July, 1851, the corner-stone of an extension of the buildings was laid, and the Secretary of State made an address, in the course of which he presented a sketch of the comparative condition of our country at the two periods.

Then we had fifteen states, now we have thirty-one.

Then our population was three millions, now it is twenty-three.

Then Boston had 18,000 people, now it has 137,000.

Philadelphia had 42,000, now it has 409,000.

New York had 33,000, now it has \$515,000.

Then our imports were \$21,000, 000, now they are 178,000,000.

Then our exports were \$26,000, 000 they are now \$151,000,000.

The area of our territory was then 800,000 square miles, it is now 3,300,000.

Then we had no railroads, now we have 11,565 miles of railroads.

Then we had no telegraph, now we have 42,000 miles of it.

Then we had 200 post offices, now we have 21,000.

Our revenue from postage then was \$100,000, now it is \$5,000,000.

These are only a few facts to show the rapid growth of the country ; and what we and our children have to do to secure the continuance of its prosperity, is to love, fear, and obey the God of our fathers; to avoid intemperance, pride contention, and greediness of gain, and cherish in all our hearts a true patriotism, and a just sense of our obligation to those that shall come after us.

Vessels built in the U. S.

From the tables accompanying the Secretary of the Treasury's Report, we learn that in 1851 there were built in the United States 211 ships, 65 brigs, 532 schooners, 326 sloops and canal boats, with a total of 298,202 tonnage. Pennsyl-

vania owns tonnage amounting to 284,373, being an increase of 25,000 over the previous year. New York has 1,041,013, being an increase of 96,000.

Arrival of the U. S. Brig Perry.

The U. S. brig Perry, Lieut. Commanding A. H. Foote, from Port au Praya, Coast of Africa, arrived yesterday morning, in 36 days. Left U. S. ships John Adams, Baron; Germantown, Commodore Lavalette, from a southern cruise, having touched at St. Helena. The squadron were in good health, and in efficient condition. The P. has been absent two years, and during that time has taken two prizes, (slavers,) ship Martha, and brig Chatsworth, of Baltimore. When the Perry was about leaving Port au Praya, a vessel came in under Brazilian colors, which was supposed to be a slaver. The P. would have boarded her, had not the authorities taken it in hand themselves. It is worthy of remark that the P. has had no deaths during her absence, neither has she dealt out any grog.

The P. also left at Port au Praya whaling brig Ocean, Knight, of Sandwich; all well. November, 18th, lat. 16° 35', lon. 28° 58', boarded the bark Baltimore, from Baltimore, 21 days; all well. The following is a list of officers and passengers on board the of the U. S. brig Perry.

Andrew H. Foote, Lieut. Commanding; W. C. B. S. Porter, 1st Lieut.; Edward A. Seldon, Acting Lieut.; Walter F. Jones, do. do.; Jas. H. Watmough, Purser; A. A. Henderson, Passed Assisting Surgeon; Jas. W. Shirk, Midshipman; Benjamin Roberts, Captain's Clerk; Theodore Querdine, Master's Mate; Passenger, Julius G. Heilman; Midshipmen Wm. Gwin, T. W. Whittlesey.

Disasters.

U. S. revenue cutter, *Lawrence*, Ottinger, on her way from Monterey to San Francisco, evening, 26th Nov. just after dark, when about four miles below

Point Lobos, the Southern extremity of the entrance of the harbor of San Francisco, a storm blowing up, she was compelled to anchor in five fathoms of water. The wind increased, and a tremendous sea broke over the vessel and forced Capt. Ottinger to endeavor to change his position, but her cables broke, and she was driven on shore.

The captain and crew of the Belg. ship *Louis*, Baugneit, were fallen in with Oct. 15th, last, 11, N. long. 103° W. and taken to San Francisco by the Yaque at that port—they report the Louis sailed from San Francisco 23d Sept. for Valparaiso, and sprung a leak on the 10th Oct. pumped incessantly four days, but could not keep her free. When the L. was last seen she was on her beam ends at 10 p. m. and is supposed to have gone down shortly after.

Schr. C. G. Matthews, Harris, (supposed of Boothbay,) with all her crew, was lost in a gale at Prince Edward's Island in October last.

The brig reported ashore at Wellfleet, is the *Zelica*, Spates, from Turk's Island for Eastport. The crew were rescued in an exhausted state, from the tops, as it was near twelve hours after the wreck before a boat could be got through the surf. Brig a total loss.

The *T. Gillmore*, Williams, of Bristol, from Quebec, was abandoned 25th Nov. in lat. 10° 43'; master and six men drowned; mate and twelve men saved, and landed here.

The *Leader*, from St. John, N. B. for London, was fallen in with, water-logged and abandoned, in lat. 44° lon. 32° W. by the *Admiral*, Crisp, arrived at King Road.

Fayal, November 21.

From 12th to 16th inst. a strong gale from S. E. to E. prevailed here, with a tremendous sea. The American brig *Harbinger* (whaler, belonging to the U. S. Consul,) came on shore 15th, and was wrecked.

Schr. *New Planet*, Turner, of Tremont Te. went ashore on Cape Nedick, Me. in the snow storm; 15th, ult. at 3 p. m. a heavy sea on at the time, wind E. N. E. The hands jumped into the waves and were washed safely on shore. Vessel a total loss.

The *Chance*, Elder, of and from Liverpool, for California, was abandoned in a sinking state, September, to the S. E. of Cape Horn; the crew arrived in the boats at the Falkland Islands, much frost-bitten.

Schr. *Susan Taylor*, from Bangor for Boston, went ashore at Boothbay evening Nov. 29th, and filled with water; crew saved.

Br. brig *Mediterranean*, from the coast of Africa, for Liverpool, in a sinking condition, was fallen in with the 21 inst. lat. 36 lon. 37. by schr. *Loango*, at Philadelphia, which took off the captain and crew, 13 in number.

The new steamer *Trinity*, from New Orleans, for Galveston, Texas, was wrecked on the coast of Texas, 26th Nov. and became a total loss.

A letter from Capt. Swift, of barque *Anadir*, of New-Bedford, states that the *Globe*, of New-Bedford, was lost on the 10th, of Aug. on the easterly part of East Cape, during a thick fog.

Br. ship *British Queen*, reported ashore on Muskgat Rocks has been abandoned and will become a total wreck.

Schr. *Gen. Worth*, M'Almond, of 125 tons, went ashore in the Bay of Santa Cruz, Cal. Nov. 15th. She was about getting under weigh, when her cabin parted and she was driven on the beach. It was feared she would be a total loss.

Schr. *Susan*, of Deer Isle, from Bangor, for Boston, misstayed, and went ashore on the east side of the harbor, night 30th Nov. and became a total loss.

Br. schr. *Alpha*, Lynch, from St. John N. B 17th ult. for Boston, was fallen in with 2d inst. water-logged, having been capsized evening of 30th ult. and four men washed overboard—nothing was standing but her foremast and bowsprit. The *Ellen Miles*, at Yarmouth, N. S. from Salem, which fell in with her, laid by all day, it being too rough to board. Next morning, the *E. M.* having drifted far to leeward, schr. *Governor*, from Brier Island, came up and took off the survivors.

The new ship *Tyendenaga*, Rudolf, from Quebec, for London, sailed from the Brandy Pots, 19th Nov. with a fresh westerly breeze, and on the morning of the 22d, at 2 A. M. went ashore on Carbon Island, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, during a violent snow storm, and 17 of her hands perished. The captain, mate, and second mate, and three of the seamen, lashed themselves in the rigging, where they remained till 6 o'clock in the evening, having been 17 hours on the wreck, the sea washing over them all the time; seeing a fire on

the shore, and it being low water, they jumped overboard and hove ashore in the surf. Capt. Rudolf reports that the ship went to pieces before they left on the 24th.

Br. brig *Unity*, Magget, at this port from Algoa Bay, South Africa, bound to Boston, put in short of provision and water. Nov. 21st lat. 36. N. lon. 69. W. in a gale of wind from the S. shipped a heavy sea, which carried away binnacle, and companion way completely swept the deck, and filled the cabin, instantly killing the captain (Salter,) and the man at the wheel; at the same time washing the first mate overboard, who was rescued.

Br. steam ship *America*, Shannon, at this port, from Liverpool, Dec. 1st, 8. 30. p. m. passed Br. brig *Isabel*, of Prince Edward Island, with foremast and main-topmast gone, hanging alongside, and with all the boats gone; had the appearance of being abandoned some time.

Ship *Virginia*, of and for this port, from Leghorn, showing signals of distress, was fallen in with 26th Nov. by ship *Marion*, Sampson, at Boston, from Cadiz. The *Virginia* was fast sinking, and as there was a heavy cross sea running, the vessels became in a measure unmanageable, and the *Virginia*, being heavily laden, and water-logged, came down with the whole weight of her quarter on the *Marion*, doing considerable damage to the latter. At 3 p. m. the *V.* had settled four feet, and was filling. The life-boat was then launched, and succeeded in rescuing the crew and passengers, saving nothing from the wreck. The *V.* when fallen in with, was steering for Bermuda, two hundred miles distant, the crew and passengers had been at the pumps, and heaving over cargo 36 hours, and the vessel could not have floated eight hours longer.

Portland, December 25.

Schr. *Mercator*, Leland, of Ellsworth, was fallen in with 2d Dec. in a sinking condition; Capt. L. and crew were taken off by barque *Active*, at Holmes's Hole.

Schr. *Bunker Hill*, of Boston, full of water and abandoned, was passed 3d Dec. by brig *Anglo Saxon*, at Boston 9th Dec.

Schr. *C. A. Lamar*, from this port, for Chagres, went ashore on the bar off that port, 10th Dec. beat over, drifted on the beach, and became a total wreck.

Brig *Lucy Ann*, was driven ashore at Kingston, Jam. previous to 8th Dec. and became a total wreck.

Br. schr. *William*, Mayo, hence, of and for Prince Edward Island, was wrecked at L'Ardoise, N. S. no date.

Br. schr. *Olive*, Ireland, from Prince Edward Island, for Boston, was wrecked recently near Liscomb harbor.

Schr. *Gazelle*, at Baltimore, from Malaga, was 18 days west of Bermuda, and had heavy gales latter part of passage, split sails, &c.

Schr. *Challenge*, for Boston, was cut through by ice in Tapahannock River, 19th Dec. and sunk,

Schr. *Grape*, of and from Bath, on the 1st Dec. sprung a leak, off Cape Ann, when her masts were cut away and deck load thrown overboard. She was fallen in with 3d Dec. between Highland and Nauset Lights, by schr. *J. A. Boyard*, from Philadelphia, which took off Capt. Godfrey and crew, and brought them to Boston.

Br. ship *British Queen*, from Dublin for this port, in ballast went ashore on Musket Rocks, near Martha's Vineyard, 16 Dec. and bilged. Her crew and passengers, (270,) excepting two which had perished, were taken off 19th by a steamer from Nantucket. The captain had been sick some time previous to her going on.

Schr. *Lynchburg*, of and from Portland, bound to Philadelphia, in a sinking condition, was fallen in with 2d Dec. and the crew taken off by brig *Wahsega*, at Boston.

Key West, Dec. 4.

I must inform you that the schr. *Merchant*, Westendorff, of and from Charleston, bound to Havana, via this place, with the United States mail, ran ashore on the Pacific Reef, and is a total loss.

Barque *Murillo*, Waitt, of Portland, from Boston for Apalachicola, is reported by telegraph to have gone ashore 8th Dec. on the east end of Dog Island, and was abandoned.

Three masted schr. *Lillia*, Millor, from Wilmington, N. C. for Liverpool, out 26 days, in a sinking state, having lost topmast, sails, yards, &c. and thrown overboard 500 casks turpentine to lighten the vessel, was fallen in with 2d Dec. and all on board taken off by the *Susan*, Purchase, at Liverpool 16th Dec.

Schr. *Mobile*, from Mobile for Pensa-

cola, struck night 22d Dec. on the lower bar and was completely wrecked.

Br. brig *Scotia*, from Bonaire for Boston, struck on the Rocks at Boston Light night 22d Dec. during a thick snow storm, and filled with water—crew saved. Vessel probably be a total loss.

Notice to Mariners.

Curacao, November 22.

On the 15th of the present month the Light-house on the Island of Little Curacao, (which was to have been lighted some months ago,) was lighted. The light is a red fixed one, and can be seen distinctly from all points of the compass three leagues off.

St. Johns, N. F. October 30.

Beacon on Cape Race.—The Commissioners of Light-houses hereby give notice that a Beacon has been recently erected on Cape Race, on the southern coast of this Island, by the Imperial Government. The total height of the beacon is 65 feet. It stands on the rising ground, 140 feet high, immediately behind the Cape Race Rock, so that the top of the beacon is at an elevation of 205 feet above the sea level.

It is of a hexagonal shape, 22 feet in diameter at the base, and 11 feet on each face. It tapers upward to the height of 56 feet, where its diameter is but 2 feet 9 inches, and is then surmounted by a skeleton ball 9 feet in diameter, making the total height 65 feet. The beacon is constructed of timber frame work, with exterior clapboarding, and its faces are painted alternately white and red, and the ball at the top red.

The Cape Point Light-house is also painted white and red, but in horizontal alternate stripes; whereas Cape Race Beacon is painted in vertical alternate stripes.

Missing Vessels.

Schr. *Princeton*, of Gloucester, has not been heard from since the great gale at Prince Edward Island in October—she no doubt foundered at that time.

London November 25.

The Am. ship *Russia*, Maxwell, sailed from Havana, Aug. 10th for Cowes, and has not since been heard of.

New York, February, 1852.

Havre Chaplaincy.

*Extracts from the Journal of Rev.
E. E. Adams.*

August 1st, 1851.

Returned from the great exhibition with perfect health, and with enlarged ideas of human thought and enterprise, and of the capabilities of matter under the forming hand of man. That exhibition is the index of the age—"the gauge and mete wand" of science and art. It expresses not a little, also, of the moral altitude of nations. It assures us that among the multitudes there is a spirit of peace. It gives a visible proof of great ties by which the nations are bound together. Our own country has not excelled in the brilliant and artistic, but falls not behind the rest in the useful and substantial. Indeed, notwithstanding the unpromising beginning of Brother Jonathan, he has gained great *eclat* in the end. He has shown himself a pretty tall boy, and somewhat awake withal. If he will just go on calmly, and not boast, but bear his honors with dignity, and in silence, he will make a better impression. It was gratifying to see one object in the exhibition that indicated an interest in sailors; it was the quilt of so many squares by some American ladies. I was sorry to find, however, that it had been injured by the leaking of the roof. The clerk of the American Commission assured me it should be paid for. Perhaps but few of the millions who visited the Glass Palace thought of the agency of seamen in bringing all its treasures together. Most of that wealth was entrusted to sailors—all that came from distant nations. It depended upon the sobriety, the labor, the honesty of sailors, therefore, whether the worthy ideas of Prince Albert, and of Paxton and the con-

tractors should succeed. Was that trust betrayed? Was there an instance of dishonesty or unfaithfulness recorded of the sailor in the whole extensive carriage of that immense wealth? I have not heard of an instance. Let us, then, give them their share of the merit in contributing to that *world's triumph*. They have a hand in all great enterprises. The nations of the earth cannot do without them.

August 10th.—But few ships in port. We have had Rev. Mr. Chickering, from Portland, with us. He gave us two sermons, which will be long remembered by my people, as will, also, by myself and family, his intelligent and Christian conversation and affectionate prayers.

Sept. 9th.—Our dear brother and sister have left us to return to the scenes of our childhood. When shall we see them again? And when shall we sit together under the paternal roof, and form again a happy home circle? Alas! never again will that bliss be ours, for the old homestead echoes to other footsteps now, and two of "the gems that were once in love's shining circle have dropped away."

Oct. 3d.—Our port is nearly destitute of ships, and the hospital wards of sailors. We anticipate another month of stagnation in trade. Dr. Baird has been with us. He gave us a very pleasant and profitable evening sermon.

Oct. 27th.—Have finished what I have to do and say about the petition for sailors' hospitals. All have been pleased with the object, and we feel that Congress cannot refuse our request.

Prof. Tappan, of New York, has been with us, and preached a strong, truthful sermon, with which we were all delighted. These visits from brethren at home have been more frequent this year than for-

merly, and they have been unspeakably refreshing.

Nov. 13th.—Dr. Baird has again been here, on his return to America. His accounts of Protestantism in Italy are encouraging.

Nov. 24th.—American ships are again thronging the port. We have several sailors in the hospital, some with broken heads and broken limbs; one dying of consumption. I conversed with him to-day. He seems to entertain Catholic notions, but says Christ is his only hope. A little boy lies in one of the beds with a broken hip. He fell down the hold. I have written to inform his mother. He is doing well.

Nov. 27th and 28th.—Visited thirteen vessels, gave tracts and magazines. Conversed with several mates and seamen. Met Capt. R. who has just had news of the death of a little daughter. He is consoled by the hopes of the Gospel.

Dec. 1st.—Held a meeting for conversation and prayer this morning, at 9 o'clock, on board an English steamer, by request of the captain. All hands present. After service I met a pilot whose spirit was set at rest by my sermon of yesterday in the chapel. He had been long troubled about the sovereignty of God and human agency. But he left the chapel, after the morning service, with clear and happy views. On his way to his ship he asked the captain if he had been telling me his difficulties. He had not; but the spirit sent the truth just where it was especially needed. This captain is one of nature's noblemen. He is rude and unlearned, but possesses one of the most original and just minds I ever met. Speaking of our war of the Revolution, he said: "There were two great diamonds gritting against each other;" meaning the two countries. Giving him an account of the frequent demands on me to put my name to notes, and to lend money, he said: "Tell them you belong to the Altar, and not to the Bank!" His knowledge of Scripture is great, and he knows how to

apply it. His life is a life of eminent godliness. At the close of the service last evening, a sailor came to me under deep religious anxiety. I commended him to the Saviour of sinners. We have had very large congregations of late. More captains, mates and seamen than usual, although this is the worst season of the year.

The Bethel Ship Revival.

NEWPORT, R. I. DEC. 28th, 1851.
To the Sec. of the A. S. F. Society.

DEAR SIR,

You will recollect the deep interest felt in my dear child's salvation, in 1848 and 1849—during his first whaling voyage. He returned after an absence of two years and four months. We found he had been most of the time seeking prayerfully a witness that he was indeed a chosen disciple of Jesus. He left on his second voyage, the 10th of December, with the same captain who is a professor of religion; but who neglected the privilege of the sabbath worship on board. Upon his finding himself again removed from family worship, and sanctuary privileges, his sense of the need of personal religion became more deeply impressed on his mind; and he very soon resolved to live the life of a christian on board;—without clear views of his own adoption, but with simple child-like faith striving to do the will of God, and begging him to bless him with light and joy when it would be best for him to receive it. He writes a Journal letter from which I send you extracts. September 14th, 1851, he says: "Remarkable things have occurred this week, and as I really believe it to be of God, I trust it will be well. On Friday the Captain called all hands, into the cabin, confessed his wrongs in not having worship on board, and asked forgiveness for his carelessness in regard to their souls, and prayed. He was followed by the Mate, who also spoke and prayed, after which I spoke. We all felt that God was in our midst; many

were in tears. On Sunday our meetings were well attended. Two came out on the Lord's side: one, the last man we could have expected, an old English sailor. "My mother," said he, "taught me to love God when young; she is a Christian, and prays for me." The captain's remarks have done much good, and about all the ship's company have determined to leave off profanity;—and to day many may be seen with their bibles and hymn books. I joy to feel that, rich in mercy, God is working among us. I can praise him for what he has done, and trust him to direct me through all the pit-falls of this life; on the land, and on the sea.— September 25th, at sea.—Glory be to God, my dear Mother, we have now a little band of christians and *penitents* on board. "Bless the Lord oh my soul, &c." For the last week I have been enabled "to read my title clear to mansions in the skies." Methinks I see the tears start in your eyes, dear Mother, as you exclaim—"Thanks be to God, who hath given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Last Sabbath, in our evening prayer meeting, I felt much inward joy and peace, and no longer walk *fearfully* and *doubtfully*, but can "*abba Father, cry.*" A few of us have met every evening for prayer and exhortation; beginning with two or three, we now number twelve; all of whom have spoken in our meeting. The cabin boy, with two others express the joy of hope. Two of our numbers are returned back-sliders who seem very anxious to promote the glory of God. Fifteen of our number are now among the rejoicing or the penitent. I have tried to perform my duty faithfully to the souls of my shipmates. I drew up a swearer's Pledge, and most of the ship's company signed it. Some care but little for their word, but most of them are now guarded in their conversation. Satan has a few zealous servants in his cause amongst us, and indeed it would be strange if it were not so. We are now making

for Port, where temptations innumerable abound to destroy the weather beaten sailor. I have my fears, but why should I fear? Is not God mighty to save? Does not God promise to strengthen all who call upon him? And have we not put our trust in the arm of our God? Then begone unbelief. May Jesus do his own work and make us the humble instruments in his hands of doing some good.

October 8th, 1851.—We are now in the harbour of Honolulu. We painted our ship, and hoped to look the queen of the harbour, but a better name we bear.—*The Bethel Ship.* May we ever deserve the name. Some of the sailors wish me to ask you and Aunty to pray for them. This you will do; join us in prayer for our own souls; and I hope our little band of professors and penitents, will be earnestly remembered in prayer by all our friends at home. J. P. L.

THE MOTHER'S REPLY.

DECEMBER 28th, 1851.

DEAR CHILD,

Your welcome journal of three sheets came in time to prove itself a most welcome Christmas present; as your mother has already informed you by the overland mail. Your method of writing weekly, and sending when an opportunity offers, has enabled us to hear from you regularly since you left. Your "hair breath" escapes made us almost breathless, and your extreme exposures must waste your physical strength. We give all these matters very serious thought. But having committed you—*body, soul, and estate*—to the watch, care, and constant keeping of our Father, and your Father, of our God and your God, we feel a measure of quiet composure, and humbly trust that as your day is, your strength will be; and that even in your spiritual weaknesses you will find the strong arm of God, making you strong in his strength.

When you first trod the deck of a vessel, a cloud of *prayerful in-*

cense followed you. God hath mercifully thus encircled your *lot*, and your *trials*, by *prayer*. He has awakened in the hearts of some of his chosen Israel in the land, a special spirit of prayer for your dear self, for the officers and the crew; and that he would not have you faithless but believing. He has condescended to give a gracious answer not only in your own soul, but in the remarkable display of his own holy spirit on ship board. For nine long months you have been crying unto the Lord, feeling that you were *alone*—and were only encouraged by believing, as you said in one of your letters—"that the prayer of the sailor boy when rocked to and fro at the mast head, was as acceptable to the ear of Jehovah as when offered from the cushions of some stately church." Yes, my dear child, your cry from that dizzy height, has come securely to our heavenly father's throne by our ever prevailing *Intercessor*. You are not *alone*; a mother's prayers met yours—and ever abide in your floating habitation. The prayers of many choice relations and friends are there. The church of God, at length aroused by the claims of seamen, hath heard the seamen's cry; as it comes floating over the mighty waters, with the groans of the dying. The *heart* and the prayers of the church of God, were with you. "No more sleeping on a pillow." Jesus heard your secret cry, marked your inward conflicts, and numbered your penitential tears, presenting your case in his own person before the throne of offended justice. He secured your *pardon*, and sent his holy spirit to witness with your spirit, that you have been born of God; and has now given you the sweet assurance, that he is both able and willing to subdue others to his righteous requirements. Thus sustained, and thus accompanied, well may you, as you say "tirelessly face danger and do your duty." Set the Lord ever before you, striving to fulfil all his holy will, and you cannot wander far from the brightness of his coun-

tenance. He who holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand, will not suffer one billow of the mighty Pacific to float you from under his providential care. And when fully prepared for the higher duties of the upper sanctuary, He will safely guide your frail bark where, as you have remarked, "your torn sails will be furled for ever!" During the nineteen years of your short life it has been our *one desire*, my beloved son, *there to meet*, where we shall shed no more sorrowful tears at parting. Let us be secure of the end of our *voyage*, and the incidents by the way lose all their undue influence. May you appear with a godly number of your shipmates, won by your goodly conversation, in our Father's House on high.

Thus affectionately prays your
Aunty and affectionate mother.

P. L.

To J. P. L. on board the
Whale ship H. A.

The following is a copy of a letter of the Captain of the Ship above alluded to, addressed to one of the officers of the church of which he is a member.

Sept., 1851. Ship H. A. at sea.
DEAR BROTHER,

With pleasure I now take my pen in hand after what has occurred on board of our ship. God has done great things, and I trust will do greater things, if those of us, who profess to love the Lord, are faithful to do our duty. If you recollect I told you I should not have meetings this voyage—I now see it was one of the devil's means to draw my attention away from my Heavenly Father. I have always began and ended the day with God in *secret*. Oh! how cold and formal have been my prayers. But God has not left me. Seven or eight days ago, as I was reading James's Epistle in my room, God opened my eyes, and what did I see? Why, I saw that I had been drawn blindsfold from God. I went

to my Mate and found he had the same feelings with myself. I then told him we must do better, and that the coming evening he must call all hands into the cabin. The next evening when all hands were in the cabin, I told them my feelings which were dreadful; and asked them to forgive my carelessness in regard to their souls. I then prayed, when I and all *felt* that God was in our midst; for I saw tears in a number of their eyes. God gave me peace; *my mate* followed with exhortation and prayer; and J. P. L. who is a humble consistant christian, spoke. Day before yesterday which was Sunday, we met in the cabin, and God manifested himself in our midst. In the evening we had a prayer meeting when two more came out on the Lord's side. One of them was a back-slider, the other the last man I should have expected to come out so boldly. He is an old English sailor. He said "my Mother is a class leader and a christian—she has and does pray for me, and taught me to serve God when I was young." Oh that mothers would be more faithful. So you see, my brother, if we want to be happy ourselves, and see others enjoying the same blessing, we must guard our actions, and be fervent and frequent in prayer. You see likewise that prayers at home God has answered. Keep on, dear Brother, and pray for us, that at the last day we may be found on the right hand of God!

Yours very affectionately,

N. F. Jr. Commander
on board of the Whale Ship, H A.

Sick Seamen in Foreign Ports.

The importance of adequate provision for Sick Seamen in foreign ports has long been a subject of remark by those who have witnessed or experienced their sufferings.

Captain John L. Rich, who has commanded vessels sailing to various ports during the last eighteen years, in a letter addressed to P. Perit, Esq., President of the American Seaman's Friend Society,

under date of December 16, 1851, says, "During the nine years I have commanded the 'Madura' and 'Childe Harold,' trading regularly with the Havana, many of my own crew have been compelled to remain in the close forecastle of my vessel, during their illness, for want of proper places on shore to send them, and the confinement has tended materially to lengthen the period of their illness."

Dr. James Wilson, who has been a practising Physician in Havana many years, testifies that he has often visited sick sailors in fore-castles, whose atmosphere had the same effect on human life as the foul air of a well has on a lighted lamp.

On the importance of establishing Hospitals for American Seamen in Foreign Ports, Capt. Geo. Briggs, the present Agent of the Collins Line of Atlantic Steamers, thus writes to the President of the American Seaman's Friend Society, under date of 15th December, 1851.

"In command of the ships Morrison, Powhatan, and Isabelle, I have visited many ports in the East and West Indies, South America and Europe, and have always felt the importance of having a Hospital where the poor Sailor could receive proper attention without being sent to those used by natives of all classes and all diseases, stowed in a room with many poor wretches to whom they cannot speak, as they do not understand their language, even to ask for a drink of water to cool his lips when burning up with fever. In sickly ports the sailor has been known to wait on the steps of a native hospital for some one to die, so that he could have a bed to rest his weary limbs, and after being almost exhausted think himself happy to be placed in a bed where some poor creature had died of some loathsome disease. I was once in a hospital in Malta, in a room with above twenty others of all nations, and amongst them several convicts with chains on their legs, and was obliged to hear the most disgusting and profane language. The catho-

lic priest as he passed through the room looked upon me as a wild beast. I went on this to show the great importance of having an Hospital of our own where our seamen can have both medical and spiritual advice without meeting with convicts and vagabonds. Most of the hospitals in foreign ports are under the management of catholics, where the protestant minister would not be permitted to kneel beside the bed of the dying sailor and commit his soul to that God to whom his tender mother had taught him to pray in his youthful days.

The sailor has now the choice in a foreign country, either to remain on board ship in a close confined place, his shipmates too much engrossed in their duties to attend to his wants, or to go to a native hospital on shore (should there be one,) and pay from \$2 to \$4 from his own wages as the ship is only obliged to furnish him with medicine when on board ship and not to pay his hospital expenses. I was in St. Thomas's in December 1852, in charge of the ship Andover, as underwriter's agent. There were several of the men sick and wished to go to a hospital. I found there was none in the place; except one for soldiers in the fort, and sailors could not be admitted. I obtained for them a room about ten feet square at the expense of \$2 per day for nursing, and as much more for medical advice. Many young sailors of fair promise die in the West Indies for want of proper hospitals, and the means to pay for medical advice. The vessels that go from this country are mostly small, and the place for the sailor to live in would not be fit for his father's pigs. They receive a month's advance before leaving this country, and the voyage is not much longer. The captains are not willing to send them to a hospital and incur an extra expense, as they would be in debt to the vessel should they die. They are left to suffer and die on board, and in that way many of our young men are cut off in the prime of life."

Under date of January 11, 1852, Captain N. R. Linsfield, of the barque "Republic," thus addresses a Committee of the New York Marine Society on this subject:—

"During the prevalence of the fatal fevers on the coast of Brazil and South America last year, great sufferings and very many deaths have occurred for the want of hospital accommodations and prompt medical attendance. As the vessels are chargeable with expenses attending the treatment and cure, or death and burial of seamen, the captains in most cases act the Doctor, and in too many cases with fatal issue to the patients. This they do to avoid the great expense of sending them on shore to a private house; and only do so at any time when the sailor is too far gone to take to sea. In most of the ports I have visited, there are no proper hospitals. And where they are, it is held equivalent to death by a sailor to be sent to a Spanish hospital; for few ever come out from them alive.

As an illustration, I will state an instance that occurred in the Port of Para, Brazil, last spring.

A British sailor was being taken on shore to be put in the hospital connected with the common prison of the port; and he earnestly entreated that he might be thrown overboard and drowned, rather than go there to be devoured by vermin, and thus linger and die, and his bones be thrown to bleach in the sun."

The Rev. E. E. Adams, Seamen's Chaplain at Havre, France, in a recent letter to the Secretary of the American Seamen's Friend Society, says:

"Perhaps there is not a port out of England, and the United States, in which better Hospital provision for seamen can be had; and yet here and last spring only seven sailors"—American—"could be accommodated at once in the large Hospital of Havre. Last spring an epidemic prevailed among our sailors, and through the efforts of Dr. Farrall, the Surgeon who at-

tends our ships in port, another small room was opened, so that at present there are beds for *fourteen*. During a large portion of the year this accommodation is sufficient, but in the spring season we have often need of *forty* beds.

During the epidemic last March and April, there were *six* sailors on board one ship who could not be taken to the hospital for want of room; and in the port there were not less than *twenty* who needed the most vigorous and the best attentions.

An attempt was made here a few years ago by an English Surgeon, now in Australia, to keep up a Stranger's Hospital. American Merchants and Captains contributed to it, said. In that Hospital I have seen a sailor with none to look after him for hours, dying at length, almost naked on his hands and knees on the cold brick floor. He had in his struggles tumbled from his hard bed and was there left to die!

This Surgeon, at length getting involved, absconded, leaving a student to meet the Hospital claims; and a poor American sailor with a broken leg *the only property in the Hospital that was worth taking!*

There are young men now in different towns in Maine who could tell you what it was to be in that Hospital in filth, and cold, and solitude for months. They could not be removed, or they had been better cared for in my own house. You may learn from poor Hall whom you remember, what it was to lie *nine months in the city Hospital here with a broken limb!*"

The law regulating this matter is thus expressed;—

"When United States seamen are discharged in a foreign port with their consent, or because their vessel is sold, the Master shall pay to the Consul for each sailor three months pay over and above the wages due each at the time; two thirds of which shall be paid each on his engagement on board a vessel to return to the United States, and the other third retained by the Consul to pay return passages, and

support the destitute in the foreign port."

This law is not only miserably deficient in its provision for the persons designated, but leaves a large number, no less deserving, utterly destitute. These are foreigners, serving under the American Flag without American Protection. An American whaleship, for example, is bound to the Pacific; and being short of hands puts into Valparaiso and adds to her crew five Portuguese sailors. Nine months from that time, having had no success in taking oil, she goes to Honolulu for supplies, and is compelled to leave three of the five Portuguese sailors sick. The Consul has no authority to send them to the Hospital or pay a shilling for their relief. Whatever he does in such cases is solely prompted by humanity, and is paid from his own purse, or such voluntary donations as are put into his hands for this purpose.

We have occasion to know that many seamen of this description have been thrown upon the charities of the residents at the Sandwich Islands to be relieved but imperfectly, for the want of the suitable accommodations, or relieved too late, and have consequently died.

A memorial is now before Congress asking that body to make adequate provision for Sick American Seamen abroad. Their claims are such that we trust justice and humanity will unite in seeing them met; and that without excluding from such provision those who are faithfully serving under the American Flag, without an American protection,

Sailing of Seamen's Chaplains.

Within the month of Dec., four Seamen's Chaplains, under commission of the American Seamen's Friend Society, have sailed from New York for their respective fields of labor, viz: the Rev. S. C. Damon and the Rev. T. H. Newton on their return to their Island homes at Honolulu and St. Thomas; and the Rev. J. Rowell, and the Rev. J. C. Fletcher for Panama

and Rio de Janerio. The last named brother also carries a commission from the "Christian Union."

Although these brethren are workmen not needing to be ashamed, on account of their isolated positions as well as the arduousness of their labors, they will greatly need human sympathy as well as divine support. Hence they are commended to the prayerful remembrance of the good, as well as the blessing of God. The Rev. E. Corwin, Seamen's chaplain for San Francisco, is supposed to have reached his field of labors about the first of last month.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Substance of Sermons.

By Samuel Davies A. M. formerly President of Nassau Hall, New Jersey, given in his own words, in one volume, by the compiler of the "Sailor's Companion,"

The Sermons of President Davies, as published often both in Europe and America, need no recommendation. Though they are more than seventy in number, and very long, they are neither too many nor too long, for the ardent lover of evangelical truth, who has even a moderate portion of time to devote to that kind of reading. Many persons, however, have not the means to purchase, nor the time to read three octavo volumes, especially sailors and boatmen, and multitudes of others. It was therefore a happy thought, in the compiler of this volume, to prepare one embracing about half the original sermons, best adapted to general reading, and to abridge them, as he has done each to a moderate length. This abridgement, however, does not answer to the common idea of that term; because it is not an attempt to condense the meaning of the author in the words of the compiler. It is in fact Davies himself in thought and expression, with his own evangelical spirit, clearness, energy, directness, holy fire and power, relieved of some illustrations and additions, not at all need-

ful to the sense, though serving to add to the general impression of the whole. Though I have not read the whole, I am satisfied by what I have read, and by a long and intimate acquaintance with the compiler, that the selection is appropriate to his design, and the paragraphs so chosen and arranged as to render each discourse unbroken and complete. He has done well to introduce to his readers an eminent minister of Christ, who was during his short life, "a burning and a shining light," and enable him to speak, for a season, in his own words, to immortal beings on a subject of the greatest importance. This may be considered by many a humble work. Be it so; yet its aim is noble; being no less than to place a brilliant light in a dark place, to show the way of life to the benighted. To those who do business on the great waters, it may serve as a light upon a rock, or a shoal to warn them of their danger, and speed them joyfully in their course. But it need not be supposed that the book is confined to any class of readers. As far as it goes, it is just the same as the original, as well adapted for general use, and more appropriate to many classes of persons.

The work has my cordial approbation; and I have but to express the desire that it may be extensively circulated, and greatly blessed to the welfare of many.

ELISHA YALE.

Kingsboro, Fulton Co. N. Y.
Dec. 1851.

N. B. We intended to have reserved room for a more extended notice of the above named admirable sermons. Dr. Yale's judicious remarks have saved us the necessity and we unite with him in their hearty commendation. With the religious improvement of Seamen there is an increased demand for a religious literature for the sea; and since it is becoming common for pious shipmasters to conduct religious worship on board their ships at sea on the Sabbath, we rejoice to have the opportunity to introduce

President Davies and Dr. Spring, (see Vol. Sermons by Dr. S. entitled "The Bethel Flag") to preach to them and their crews, Christ crucified.

EDS. SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

New York Bible Society.

The Twenty Eighth Annual Report of this truly efficient society, has been received, and we regret to be obliged, to defer making some interesting extracts for our columns, until our next number.

Seamen's Bank for Savings.

The building in process of erection for the Seamen's Bank for Savings, on the corner of Wall and Pearl streets, adjoining the building now occupied by this institution, already makes an imposing appearance and attracts no small degree of attention. To many, who have known but little of the past history of this Bank, it is quite a surprise to see over the entrance in large capitals "*Seamen's Bank for Savings,*" and on inquiry it is still more surprising to them to learn that the deposits in this institution already amount to five millions of dollars, well invested in the best of stocks, and in the best of bonds and mortgages. This is not all the money of seamen, but there is over one million of dollars of this amount belonging strictly to seamen, and a most safe and reliable deposit it has been to them. Those who are far from home and get sight of this notice may rest assured that their money is safe and gaining them a good interest. They may feel every assurance, too, that the trustees of this bank, who are among the most respectable of our merchants, will so conduct its concerns that their deposits will never be exposed to hazard.

But to return to the building. The front is on Wall and Pearl streets, and of red stone, with chaste and neat ornaments. The interior is to be made perfectly fireproof; the beams of iron, the floor of corrugated iron and mortar; the vaults of granite blocks, lined with boiler iron, and every arrangement adapted to the perfect safety of the books, securities and money. The building will be costly, but the rents of the basement and upper floors will be so large that the banking room will be rent free.

We shall soon have occasion to bring this useful institution to view, with the annual statement of its affairs.

Account of Money.

From Dec. 15th to Jan. 15th, 1852.

Members for Life by the Payment of Fifty Dollars.

Miss Frances L. Dodge, Mount Joy, Pa. by the late Mrs. Torrey, of Williamsburg, N. Y.	\$20 00
N. B. Palmer second, Stonington Ct. by Capt. N. B. Palmer. (Am't acknowledged below.)	
Rev. Junius M. Willey, do by Messrs. Palmer, Williams & Williams. (Amount acknowledged below.)	
S. Carew, do do (in part)	
J. E. Smith, do do (in part) by his father.	
Mrs. Amy M. Dennison, by First Bapt. Ch. Westerly R. I.	- 20 00
Deacon Joshua Noyes, Cong. Ch. do. (in part.)	- - - 10 75
Mrs. William H. Miller, by Ladies S. F. Soc'y, First Pres. Ch. Hudson, N. Y.	- - - 20 00
Mrs. Maria B. Shaurman, N. Y. by her husband,	- - - 20 00
John W. Osborn, by Meth. Epis.	

Ch. Birmingham, Ct. (balance)	7 50	New Jersey, - - - - -	5 00
Hiram Benjamin, by Cong'l Soc'y		A Lady in Lancaster, Mass. - - - - -	3 00
Bethel, Ct. - - - - -	36 84	A few Ladies in New Rochelle,	
Rev. John Avery, by Exeter Soc'y		New York, - - - - -	3 00
Lebanon, Ct. (in part) - - - - -	17 53	Deacon Smith, Milford, Ct. - - - - -	2 00
J. A. Wheat, by First Cong'l		A Friend, Thetford, Vt. - - - - -	1 00
Soc'y, Nashua, N. H. - - - - -	20 00	A Lady, N. Y. through Rev. Dr.	
Rev. Charles J. Bowen, by Ladies		De Witt, - - - - -	5 00
Bethel Soc'y, Newbury Port,		Pres. Ch. Bleeker st. N. Y. - - - - -	83 72
for sick and needy Seamen at		A friend, N. Y. - - - - -	2 00
Rio de Janeiro, - - - - -	20 00	Balance from Center Church,	
James R. Gould, N. Y. by his		Hartford Ct. - - - - -	12 00
Father, - - - - -	40 00	First Cong'l Soc'y, Norwich Ct. - - - - -	36 00
Mrs. A. Kellogg, Fairfield, Ct. - - - - -	20 00	Young Ladies Miss'y. Soc'y, Long	
Rev. David Emerson, by Bethesda		Meadow, Mass. - - - - -	10 00
Church, Reading, Mass. - - - - -	30 16	Concert of Prayer, Cong'l Soc'y,	
Deacon Aaron Bryant, by Cong'l		New Alstead, N. H. - - - - -	7 00
Soc'y, South Reading, Mass. - - - - -	25 00	Thirteenth st. Pres. Ch. N. Y. - - - - -	58 83
Mrs. Nancy Moore, by Ladies		Cong'l Soc'y, Greenville, Ct. - - - - -	16 00
Bethel Soc'y, Hopkinton Mass. 25 00		Rev. O. French, Hillsborough, Io. 1 00	
Deacon Holland Greenwood, by		Talcott Russell, a little boy, New-	
Evang. Ch. Soc'y Grafton Mass. 20 00		Haven, Ct. - - - - -	25
James M. Kimball, do. do. - - - - -	20 00	Pres. Ch. Astoria, N. Y. - - - - -	38 94
Rufus E. Warren, do. do. - - - - -	20 00	Ref'd Dutch Church, do. - - - - -	25 12
John Davis, by Rev. J. C. Phillips,		R. M. Blackwell, do. - - - - -	5 00
Ch. Cong'l Bethuen Mass. - - - - -	20 50	Rev. Dr. A. Clarks, Cong'n East	

Donations.

From First Pres. Church, Fishkill			
Town, N. Y. - - - - -	\$15 00		
Cong'l Soc'y, Stonington, Ct. 132 10			
Seventh Day Bapt. Church, West-			
terly, R. I. - - - - -	8 30		
South Cong'l Soc'y, Woodbury,			
Ct. - - - - -	33 00		
Rev. Dr. Humphrey, Pittsfield,			
Mass. - - - - -	5 00		
Cong'l Soc'y Huntington, Ct. - - - - -	7 04		
Cong'l Soc'y, Fairfield, - - - - -	10 75		
William M. Halsted, N. Y. - - - - -	25 00		
Rev. S. Bryant, W. Stockbridge			
Mass. - - - - -	1 00		
Cong'l Soc'y Goshen, Ct. - - - - -	20 00		
Cong'l Soc'y Waterbury, Ct. - - - - -	48 85		
Baptist, do. do. do. (in part) 3 55			
Cong'l Soc'y, Torrington, Ct. - - - - -	7 00		
Cong'l Soc'y, Wilton, do. - - - - -	28 00		
Cong'l Soc'y, Newport, N. H. - - - - -	12 00		
B. L. Kip, N. Y. - - - - -	20 00		
Rev. Dr. Yale's, Cong'n Kingsbo-			
ro, N. Y. - - - - -	25 28		
Ref'd Dutch Church, Neshannic,			
New Jersey, - - - - -	42 00		
Balance from Cong'l Soc'y Dun-			
barton, N. H. - - - - -	1 00		
A Friend, New Years Gift, - - - - -	5 00		
Bethlehem Pres. Cong'n, Orange			
Co. New York, - - - - -	24 00		
A Free Gift, State of N. Y., - - - - -	3 00		
Rev. William Bradley, Newark,			

Sailor's Home N. Y.

From Female Benev. Soc'y Scotland,	
Ct. 3 quilts, 4 sheets, 4 pillow cases, 6	
shirts, one coat.	
Ladies of Pres. Ch. Washingtonville, N.	
Y. 16 flannel shirts, 12 pr. socks.	
Ladies Seam. Fr'd. Soc'y, Sunderland,	
Mass. 2 quilts, 9 pr. pillow cases, 3 pr.	
sheets, valued \$15.	
A few little girls, North Milford Ct. 1	
quilt,	

Legacies.

On account of the Legacy of the
late Elizabeth Waldo, of Worcester, Mass. " " " 1 650 00